

The Grunt's Bad Day

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Summary: In light of recent events, I decided to put this up. I wrote over a year ago but now that Steve Irwin dies, I thought one last job at him would be okay. This will probably be my last story to flame all you want Steve fans!

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"Damnit, why do they always make ME do the recon work?" The grunt asked himself in his typical high-pitched voice. And this was true, every time they found a new, abandoned area; they sent that grunt in particular. The elites always had the same lame-ass excuse.

"Since you're so small, it's harder to spot you!" The grunt said, mocking the elites. The grunt thought of the stories he heard about the green skinned demon. How he wiped out an entire Halo in one sweep of his mighty fist, how he could destroy a grunt just by looking at it. His knees banged together as he thought of the demon hiding behind a rock, gun in hand, ready to wipe out the first Covenant he saw.

Little did he know that someone was watching the poor grunt. This man was notorious for tackling animals while they are minding their own business. This grunt was his next victim.

The grunt heard some rustling in the bushes behind him and he turned around, aiming his plasma pistol in the direction of the noise. Then, from behind, he was tackled by some weird man shouting "Crieky!" as he jumped.

"Golly, look at this creature." Steve said as he wrestled with the grunt.

"Hey! Get off of me!" The grunt shouted.

"Good lord! It can speak English! Look at this creature. Notice the big horn on its back. This is probably used for defense and the tip is probably poisonous, so I won't touch it. But look at this creature's face. Look at the gas mask like snout."

"That is a gas mask!"

"Look at his insect like eyes."

"Those are goggles!"

"Look at his hand, how it is split in half, like some sort of gun!"

"It is a gun!"

"I think I need to tag this before I let it go."

"What?"

Steve took a large tag and clamped it to the grunt's arm, followed by a loud Covenant curse that has yet to be translated into English, but probably has an equivalency to the word "fuck" or "shit".

Once back on the ship, the rest of the Covenant couldn't help but laugh at their comrade's predicament.

"Niceâ€¦what would you call that, armband?" Another grunt said, stifling a laugh, and failing horribly.

End
file.